AN AERIAL FLIGHT.

A NEW SONG

Written by

A HIGH WITNESS

The Music by

C. SMITH.

Ent. Sta. Hall

Price 2/-

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C. Graf Lith. to Her Majesty.

AN AERIAL FLIGHT.

Now who's for an Ae-ri-al tour I'm

The first system of the song features a vocal melody in the right hand of a grand staff, with lyrics written below it. The piano accompaniment is in the left hand, consisting of a steady eighth-note pattern in the bass and a more active melody in the treble.

mounting just now to the skies Then dont be a-fraid for I'm sure Mine's the

The second system continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The piano part maintains its rhythmic accompaniment while the vocal line carries the melody.

safest of all safety "flies" The Parliament people have granted A

The third system concludes the visible portion of the music on this page. It follows the same structural pattern of a vocal line and a piano accompaniment.

patent I've got in my pocket, And nothing is wanted, but money To

make me go off like a rocket. Rooks- and Castles and all! Pigeons for

plucking, dont doubt me, I'll shew you the way to go up You'll find the way

down sirs, with- out me

2nd Verse.

I mean just by way of a tri_al, To start on some fine after_

_noon, And where to it matters but little To France or the man in the

moon. I think, that as Herschel and South Are liv_ing so ve_ry far

from it, I'd better be off and ex_amine The head and the tail of the

Comet! Rooks and Castles and all_ Pigeons for plucking_ dont doubt me I'll

shew you the way to go up You'll find the way down, sirs, with_out me. Sym

3rd Verse.

A word but dont let it go further; How puzzled, you know they've all

been; The tail of the Comet is nothing, But light from a flying ma_

chine! It bolt_ed one night out of window, To stop it I tried, but in

vain But soon will its steam be ex_hausted And then it will come down a_

gain. Rooks and Castles and all Pigeons for plucking_ dont doubt me I'll

shew you the way to go up You'll find the way down sirs with_out me. Sym

AN AERIAL FLIGHT.

I.

Now, who's for an Aerial tour,
I'm mounting just now to the sky?
Then don't be afraid, for I'm sure,
I'll give you a very safe fly.
The Parliament people have granted
A patent, I've got in my pocket,
And nothing is wanted but money,
To make me go off like a rocket.

Rooks and castles and all,
Pigeons for plucking, don't doubt me;
I'll shew you the way to go up—
You'll find the way down, sirs, without me

II.

I mean, just by way of a trial,
To start on some fine afternoon,
And where to—it matters but little—
To France, or the man in the moon.
I think, that as Herschel and South
Are living so very far from it,
I'd better be off and examine
The head and the tail of the Comet!

Rooks and castles, &c.

III.

A word—but don't let it go further;
How puzzled, you know, they've all been;
The tail of the Comet is nothing
But light from a flying machine!
It bolted one night out of window,
To stop it I tried, but in vain;
But soon will its steam be exhausted,
And then it will come down again.

Rooks and castles, &c.

IV.

I mean to let fly at that Wagstaff,
Who governs the overland mail;
And what 'll the poor man be doing
When I start the Aerial rail?
From London to Egypt, by Marseilles,
(Should I go that roundabout way,)
Will take about seventeen hours,
And seventeen more to Bombay.

Rooks and castles, &c.

V.

Mister Shakspeare once talk'd in his "*Dream*"
Of girdling the earth and the sea,
But the job took about forty minutes—
So he was a slow coach to me;
For when my machine is perfected,
We've only to mount in the air,
Just mention the place you are wanting,
As soon as you name it you're there!

Rooks and castles, &c.

VI.

I'll tell you in confidence now—
I'm candid and open, you'll say—
While "*working the telegraph*," how
I'll then make the telegraph pay:—
The "bulls" and the "bears" of the alley,
I'll hold them all under my thumb,
And if they don't all "*do the handsome*,"
Lame ducks they will surely become.

Rooks and castles, &c.

VII.

For he who can rise as he pleases,
And fall just as easily too,
With the stocks in which they love to dabble,
The same can as readily do.
And when I have got all I can,
Free-trader I'll turn, without doubt;
Bring in what I like, when I please,
And carry, too, just the same out.

Rooks and castles, &c.

VIII.

If open or shut are the ports,
'Twill matter but little for then,
I'll laugh at Exchequering courts,
Excise, and the Custom-house men!
Were Peel, then, the greatest of jugglers,
The statesman and minister born,
Must find a new slide for the smugglers,
Who bring in their contraband corn.

Rooks and castles, &c.

IX.

But one word at parting I'd say—
I'll fly, sirs, wherever you need;
But you know there's the piper to pay,
And to pay him your pockets must bleed!
There are "*thousands of reasons*" still wanting,
Before my machine you can see;
When seen, you may blow it to atoms,
If you'll only be *civil* to me.

Rooks and castles, &c.